

Credit is the greatest wealth to everyone who carries on commerce; for credit, though it is not productive power, is purchasing power.—John Stuart Mill.

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

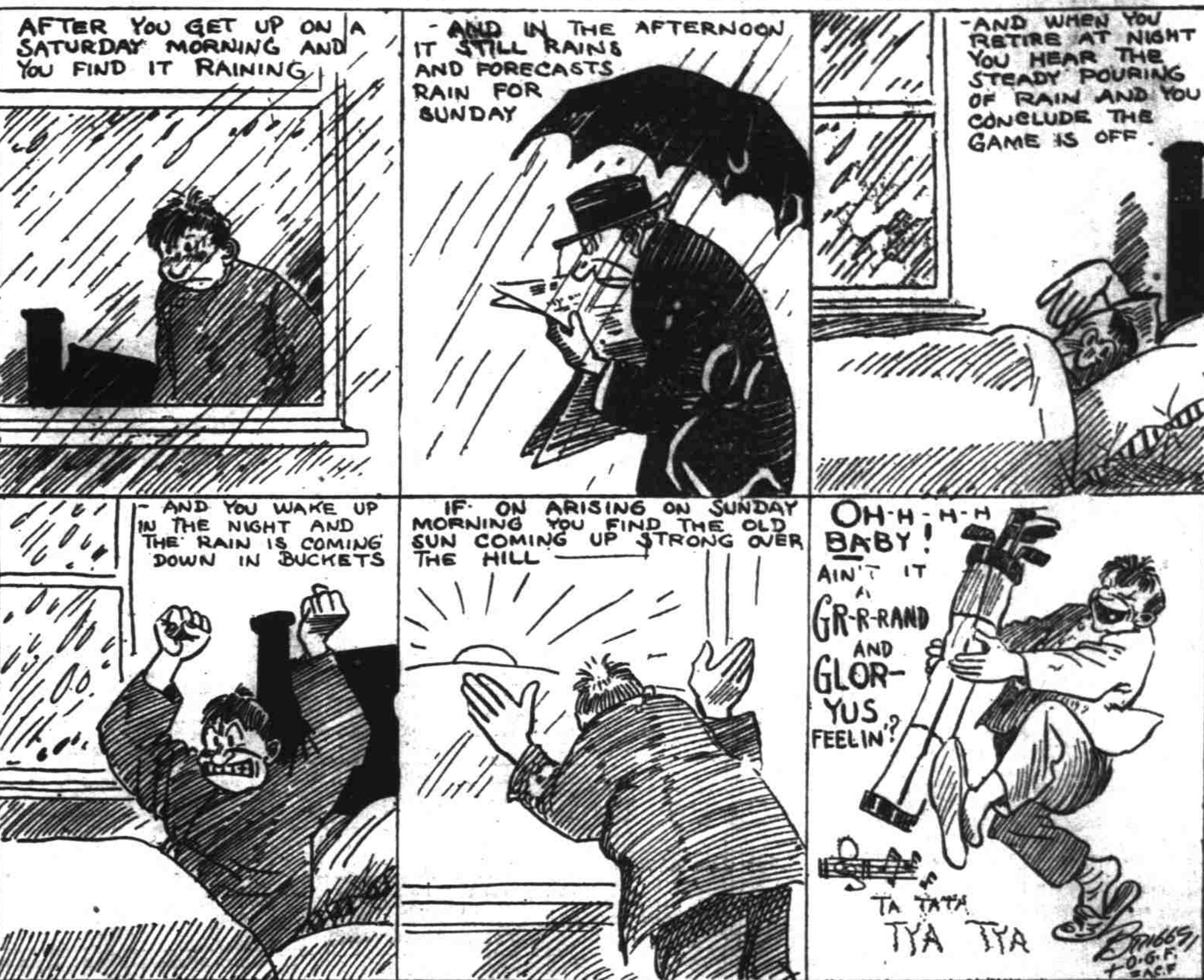
"Every dollar, the getting of which lowers standard of a man's character, is a loss for which the money will not compensate."—H. C. Morse.

TWELVE

HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1917.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

By BRIGGS



Dorothy Dix Talks

HONORING THE SMALL BOY
By DOROTHY DIX
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

In Japan the Fifth of May is sacred to the small boy. It is the boys' festival, and a national holiday. On that day above every household in which there are boys flags wave and from tall standards float high gaily painted carp—the boys' symbol—"for even as the carp swims upstream against the current, so must a boy breast the difficulties in the river of life."

In some homes, in the inner room, a scroll depicting some scheme inspiring to a boy's imagination is brought forth and hung up in the kokekoma and underneath it is erected a boy's altar, resplendent with effigies of the shoguns in helmet and armor, gorgeously robed daimyos, and stern two-sworded samurai of the past, and the natty sailors and soldiers of the present.

Before this are placed more standards with bright-lined banners and tiny carp, and piles of glittering toys, for this is the Japanese boy's Christmas tree and birthday rolled into one, and the occasion on which all of his friends and relatives are expected to make him presents.

And the streets are filled with myriads of chubby-cheeked little lads, wearing the smile that won't come off, and sucking on admantine Japanese candy while they proudly exhibit their gifts to each other.

It is a picturesque and beautiful sight to thus see a whole nation taking a day off to pay tribute to the small boy, and it is a custom that might well be imitated in our own country where boys as a class are without honor, and none are so poor as to do them reverence.

Of course individually we adore our own particular small boy, but all others of the male species, between the time they cut off their fantail curls and grow a mustache, we look upon with horror coupled with fear and dread. To our minds they typify noise and dirt and vandalism, and destruction, and demoralizing influence that shatters quiet, and does away with all comfort and composure.

Landlords refuse to rent apartments to those known to possess small boys, real estate depreciates when they move into a community, and we would sooner hear that a visitor was bringing with her a raging lion and a wild hyena than that she was to be accompanied by her precious Tommy and Johnny.

Perhaps the reason that the American small boy is such a pest in our midst is because he senses that we regard him as an intruder, and he therefore unconsciously takes the outcast's revenge upon society. Certainly we do not give him a square deal when we force him to live in cities, in tiny tenement houses where there is no space for his activities and energies, and where he is forced out on the streets in order that older people may not be driven by him into insane asylums.

Every boy is entitled to be raised on a farm where there is enough room for him to move about his hobbled-toy feet and hands without knocking things over, and where he can yell all he likes without breaking the peace. When we deprive him of his birthright of this freedom it is no wonder that we do often make him a criminal, and nearly always convert him into a sore tribulation to endure.

No, boys do not get a square deal with us. Not even in homes where they are really wanted and loved. Whoever heard of the boys getting the best room in the house? That is always given to the girls. Any sort of an attic chamber, or dark cubby hole is thought good enough for the boys, and they invariably fall heir to the hardest mattresses and the most dilapidated furniture in the family.

Maybe one of the reasons that boys hang around so is because they have never had any of their own that was worth taking care of. There's nothing in a lot of old junk that inspires in your soul that love of beautiful surround-

ings that is the beginning of civilization.

And as for clothes—well, if there's any money to be spent on glad raiment it goes on the sister's back. Mother worries and fusses over the girls' frocks, and tells father that they REALLY MUST have things that are the very latest words in fashion or else they will be mortified to death to go among their friends.

But if there is any economizing to be done, Johnny does it. Nobody considers it important how he looks so long as he is moderately clean and has only a reasonable number of darts and patches. Nobody realizes that Johnny sets just as much store upon having just the right bag to his knickers, or as razor-edged a crease in his trousers as sister does to the set of her skirt, and that he is just as sensitive to the boys' comment on his ties as she is to the girls' on her sleeves.

Worse still, the small boy is utterly neglected in regard to the important matters that are going to count big in his after life. Mother prepares sister for society, for making a good appearance in this world. She is taught how to approach people, how to enter and leave a room, and what to say.

But no one bothers to teach Johnny that. It is taken for granted that he is a hopeless savage because he is a boy, and so no one drills him in the nicest of life. The result is that little girls nearly always have good manners, while little boys are hoodlums. Little Mary drops you a courtesy when you speak of her, and hopes you are well, and so on, but little Johnny keeps his hat on and says "lo" to a woman old enough to be his grandmother.

That's why boys have to leave home when they are grown to get a start in their professions or business. Everybody remembers Johnny Jones as such a surly, ill-mannered little cub they can't realize that he has developed.

by the grace of God, and through his parents' fault, into a fine courteous gentleman.

Worst still, so far as the treatment accorded boys goes, is the fact that no one seems to realize that a small boy is the most sensitive creature on earth, and the most hungry hearted. He writes under ridicule as under torture, yet his callous family have no hesitation in calling public attention to his faults and blunders, and making his mistakes the nail on which they hang the funny stories they tell to guests. That's why boys spring up in themselves and hide what really think and feel, so completely that their parents know less of them than they do of any stranger that crosses their path.

And the small boy just aches to be petted, to be caressed, to be talked to, and sympathized with, and understood, and praised. And he so seldom gets even a kind word. It's his fault he hears about so often that it is no wonder that one small boy, when asked what was his name, said that he didn't know—that it was either Johnny Don't or Johnny Run—he was called one about as often as the other.

The Japanese set apart a day to honor the small boy, exclusively and individually. The Japanese small boy is courteous, kindly, gentle and considerate of others. He doesn't even yell like a Comanche when he plays football, and you never see him in a street fight. Perhaps he is polite because he is treated politely.

Let's follow the Japanese custom of honoring the small boy and see if we can't civilize the American small boy too.

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Dorothy Dix's articles appear regularly in this paper every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

CROP EDUCATION DIFFICULT TASK

Reports received from the food commission's county agents on all islands indicate that the task of teaching practical, profitable agriculture to a considerable portion of the small farmers is going to be a long, hard task.

Growers of foreign nationalities in a great many instances are not taking readily to verbal advice concerning methods of planting, pest control, cultivation and harvesting. Very often, when the agent approaches one of these whose potatoes are sere yellow from blight, and tells him that he will give him a spray that will make the plants green and give him greater yield, the grower just grins self-consciously and intimates that he doesn't need assistance.

As a result, the agents are preparing to establish demonstration fields in the different communities, where different varieties of staple crops will be grown by modern methods and the improvement over old systems can be definitely proved.

In several instances the agents have discovered some of the most primitive farming systems in use. Women have been found digging up potatoes with blunt sticks; farmers have been seen shelling corn by hand for the market. The agents in such cases are obtaining practical farming implements, placing them in the hands of the growers and teaching them the use of the utensils.

This is a matter of real importance in the islands today, when labor is scarce and at a premium. Shelling corn by hand is a waste of valuable time and labor when the man or woman can do the same job in one-tenth the time by using machinery, and thus have the spare time for more productive work.

Regatta and Swimming at Milo on Fourth of July. All the champions entered.—Adv.

10-CENT CHECK SENT COL. IRONS

Postmaster D. H. MacAdam yesterday mailed a check for 10 cents to Col. James A. Irons, post commander at Fort Shafter.

As an instance of the painstaking care exercised by the postal service in handling mail, the postmaster today told the following story about the check:

The treasury department had a communication to make to Col. James A. Irons, then attaché at the American embassy in Tokyo. It put the communication into a treasury penalty envelope, which has no stamp, and mailed it to him. The postoffice department erred in accepting the stampless letter for transmission to Tokyo.

Col. Irons at about that time was transferred to Fort Shafter to become post commander. For the service of forwarding the treasury letter to the colonel the Tokyo postoffice assessed a double rate to Honolulu, affording a 10-cent postage due stamp to it.

Col. Irons protested against paying the postage due, as he said he was not responsible for the mistake made in Washington. He paid, however. Postmaster MacAdam referred the case to Washington, and by special authorization from the third assistant postmaster general is now sending the colonel a check for the disputed amount.

MAUI LEADS IN FOOD CAMPAIGN

In country wide, general interest it would seem that Maui is taking the lead in the food saving and production campaign. Dr. A. L. Dean, executive officer of the food commission, who returned Monday from the Valley Island, reports that there are about 2000 children enlisted in the big garden contest, conducted under direction of L. R. Mathews and under auspices of the Maui County Fair & Racing Association.

Dr. Dean addressed a special meeting of the Fair and Racing Association at Wailuku Friday. That the women are actively interested in the food question was shown by their attendance in considerable number at this gathering.

In the Kula district of Maui the territorial official found large areas planted to field corn. In fact he saw almost every variety of crop that can be grown in a temperate zone.

Dr. Dean was informed that a shipment of yellow Bermuda onions will be sent to the territorial marketing division in Honolulu from Kula this week. He examined some of these onions and says they are as good as any he has seen in the territory.

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

Perfumes As Disinfectants

DID YOU KNOW THAT perfume was a disinfectant? It is said that Hippocrates relieved Athens of the plague by fumigating the air of the entire city with aromatic herbs and gums. Certain perfumes were also worn about the neck to ward off disease—a custom that, unpleasantly twisted, may have led the modern Italian peasants to tie the garlic about the necks of their children, to ward off disease and evil eye. Certainly the odor from the pieces of garlic I have seen—and smelled—tied about the necks of wee Italian bambinos should kill off any germ daring enough to come near it.

Musk, though not specially pleasant to smell if much is worn, is best of all the perfumes as a disinfectant. Nurses in Europe frequently keep themselves free from contagion by wearing it in the clothes and rubbed over their faces. Workers in perfumery laboratories have always been known to escape epidemics. And when the Dutch destroyed the clove on the island of Ternate, the natives suffered from epidemics never known before.

A subtle odor of perfume is one of the greatest charms of the dainty woman. Perfumes can be made at home; lavender, dried violet or dried rose leaves scattered in the closets and bureau drawers give a delicate fragrance to one's garments that is thoroughly pleasing. Recipes for perfumes are easily obtained, the basis being the favorite flower, or a few ounces of perfumed oil, mixed with alcohol as a preservative, and with other odors or spices.

Questions and Answers

What is the best hair remover on the market? My elbows are rough and dirty looking; everything I do for them seems to do them no good. What can I do for them?—J. A.

Reply—I am not permitted to give the names of preparations in this column. However, if you will purchase a good

deplatory at a good store, you will likely make a satisfactory bargain.

Scrub your elbows with hot water and soap every night, and while still moist and hot, dip them in a saucer of olive oil, and hold them in it for a few minutes.

A little thought-of use of perfume is its antiseptic powers.

ments, after rubbing the oil well into the skin. Wear long sleeves for a few months.

To Virginia—Yes, liquid green soap will clear out blackheads, if, of course, bowels and stomach are in excellent condition. Yes, benzoin in the rinse water will close the pores of the face.

SACK OF FLOUR WORTH \$276 IS BROUGHT HERE

Flour—\$276.25 a sack—and a 49-pound sack at that.

Luckily this is not the price on every sack of flour. It applies only to one which arrived on the Wilhelm.

The sack has a brilliant history; a short but eventful career. As the property of various Shriners it has brought in more money than any other sack of flour ever dreamed of. The money has gone to the Red Cross.

At one raffle it brought \$52.50; at another, \$70.25, and still another, \$276.25. At the last raffle on board the Wilhelm it realized \$51.25 and was won by Third Assistant Engineer A. Anderson, who donated it back to the cause and now it is in the hands of R. W. Perkins, who says raffle No. 6 will soon be held here.

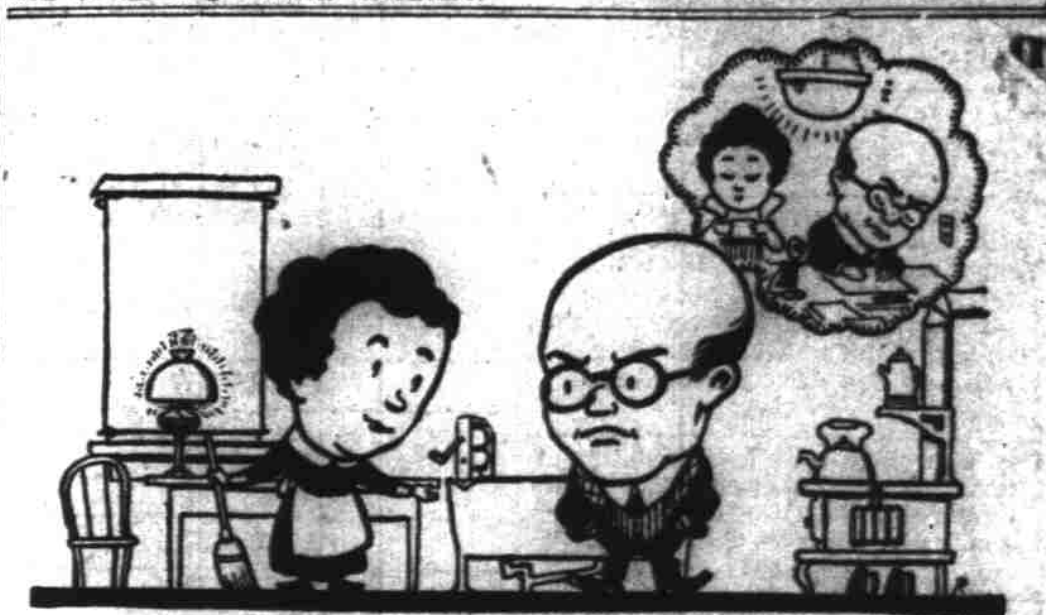
Nine arrests were made at Pittsburg in connection with the distribution of anti-registration literature.

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Drink Phez
The Taste Lingers
PHEZ is the ideal drink. It has the snap and tang that refreshes and invigorates a tired mind and body. PHEZ fairly teems with the piquant flavor of the luscious loganberry, from which it is made. Absolutely free from fermentation. Just say PHEZ.
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